

# THE MISSIONARY HELPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

FREE BAPTIST  
WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

BOSTON

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# The \*\* Missionary \*\* Helper.

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# The Missionary Helper.

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*The field is the world.* Much interest attaches to the Congress of Brahman priests and learned men recently called by Hindu gentlemen, for the purpose of recognizing the Bible as one of their sacred books, and Christ as a new incarnation of Brahm. . . . Several denominations that have shown little interest in missionary work are entering the field with enthusiasm; among these the Universalist. . . . Suicide among the Chinese is very common. Men, women, and children commit the act on the slightest provocation, and the native papers are indifferent in their references to it. . . . The Royal Niger Company, an English combination, has secured control of the whole region in Africa drained by the river Niger. The company is prohibiting the sale of spirits in one-third of its territory and purposes to extend prohibition. They have been accused by the Germans of putting heavy duties on liquors from Hamburg, while introducing quantities of their own manufacture. But they claim that they would gladly enter into any international arrangement which would entirely stop the importation of liquor. . . . A Missionary Conference is about to be held at Shanghai, to continue ten days, and with a program touching every phase of missionary work. Such conferences must be of great value to missionaries in the field, and aid in consolidating the work.

## A STUDY OF CONDITIONS.

ONE feels a little delicacy in discussing woman's work, with the thought of advancing and developing it, lest it seem that there is a desire to make it in some way supersede or antagonize man's work. The relation of men and women to each other is such that it is natural that some sensitiveness attends even the mention of any comparative efforts and results.

But, in, order for humanity to reach its best, this sensitiveness must be laid entirely aside, and there must be a mutual desire to study facts and present relations.

If it is true that experience has thus far shown special adaptability on the part of either sex for detailed work in benevolent lines, it is for the interest of the church to understand it, in order to use its forces to the best advantage.

It is probably too soon after the organization of women's societies in the different denominations to draw ultimate conclusions. We can only begin our study, and time will show us practical results. So far as we have ascertained, there are now 39 organized women's societies of different denominations, having connected with them 25,000 auxiliaries and 8,000 children's societies, the former having an estimated membership of 500,000, the latter of 200,000. These contribute yearly, taking the last financial year as a standard, a little more than \$1,250,000, the amount given by them since the beginning being about \$10,000,000.

This is a very interesting showing, but there is something fuller of meaning underlying it. Gen. T. J. Morgan once said at a W. C. T. U. Convention in Rhode Island, that, as desirous as he was to see the temperance movement make rapid strides forward, he could afford to wait patiently for its slower progress when he saw what the work was doing in developing the women of the land.

So in regard to the work above represented. It would be impossible to estimate the amount of executive ability and

power in Christian work which have been developed in establishing and conducting all those auxiliaries and raising and disbursing such a sum of money. In the foreign field these societies support about 1,200 missionaries, 2,500 Bible women, teachers, zenana visitors and other assistants, and 2,500 schools of various kinds, boarding, day, and village schools, homes and orphanages, either as a whole or in part, with about 60,000, mostly female pupils. Nearly all of these missionaries and other workers are women, a great many of them being unmarried. Some of us can remember the time when it was thought very improper for unmarried women to go to the foreign field. But the work develops and prejudices are undermined.

At a Council of Women held recently, there were present either the president or some other representative of nearly every benevolent organization in a city full of philanthropies. In discussing the needs of a new benevolent movement, a representative woman said, "It seems as if our men ought to take hold of this work for men." Another, widely known in philanthropic circles, said: "That is impossible. They are not used to such work." Still another said, "I am on the Executive Committee with one other woman and three men, and the latter invariably say, 'You know better than we what is to be done; go ahead and we will help in paying the bills.'" This was the unanimous testimony of these experienced workers.

What does it mean? Certainly that at present, women are doing the greater part of the detailed work in benevolent movements, while depending to a great extent upon men for the money with which to work. The latter is not, of course, true in the Woman's Missionary Societies.

Surely it is a condition well worth studying. It certainly is not an ideal state of things, and yet we are on the way to the ideal, and all we need to know is how to reach more rapidly the time and state when as men and women we shall be doing our best that God's kingdom on earth may come.

## AN INDIAN HYMN.

I N de dark wood, no Indian nigh,  
 Den me look heaven and send up cry,  
 Upon my knee so low—  
 Dat God on high in shining place  
 See me in night wid teary face,  
 My heart him tell me so.

Him send Him angel take me care,  
 Him come Himself and hearum prayer,  
 If Indian heart do pray;  
 Him see me now, Him know me here,  
 Him say, " Poor Indian, neber fear,  
 Me wid you night and day."

So me lub God wid inside heart;  
 He fight for me, He takum part,  
 He sabum life before.  
 God lub poor Indian in the wood,  
 And me lub He, and dat be good,  
 Me pray Him two time more.

When me be old, me head be gray,  
 Den Him no leabe me, so Him say,  
 " Me wid you till you die ;"  
 Den take me up to shiny place,  
 See white man, red man, black man face,  
 All happy like on high."

—*Missionary Outlook.*

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Look upon the success and sweetness of thy duties as very much depending upon the keeping of thy heart closely with God, in them.—*Flavel.*

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To finish the moment, to find the journey's end in every step of the road, to live the greatest number of good hours, is wisdom.—*Emerson.*

## A HOME TRIP.

BY MRS. MARY R. PHILLIPS.

WHO in his most charitable moments has heard the pompous "When I was abroad," without a little twinge of disgust and the mental query, "Was he ever anywhere else?" A few weeks ago we had a delightful trip somewhere else. A la Philadelphians we took the midnight train, which was fifteen minutes late (was ever anything on time in this peaceful city?), consequently, saw Baltimore and Washington only in our dreams, but we were in Richmond in time for breakfast. A generation with its heroes has passed away since Grant and Lee laid down their arms here, but the very air is still resonant with victory and freedom.

The long stretch of desolation and destitution between Richmond and Florida has few breaks. Here and there isolated families miles away from anywhere, or little colonies living in miserable shanties, tell of a race that tilled the fields, picked the cotton, and sung the wild, weird songs of heavenly sweetness, born of earthly woe. These plantations with "Massa gone" are separated now and then by terrible swamps where we could see little but the slave flying before bloodhounds. Yes, the mad cries of the hunters and the hunted still echo through these dark places, while history tells its awful tale.

Suddenly the scene changed. The full moon was rising over a beautiful little lake surrounded by tall cedars, from every branch and twig of which long pendent moss was swaying gently over the silent waters, in which they were reflected. "Beautiful accompaniment of the negro melodies," we thought, as spell-bound we were held by the enchanting scene. "Swing low, sweet chariot," in notes soft and tender, seemed to float over the lake, too, like a voice from its depths. What the negro songs are to the ear, this almost sentient moss is to the eye.

This was our auspicious introduction to Florida, which was



followed by a whole procession of similar ones, stretching through three of the most charming and peaceful weeks we have ever spent.

Years ago a month was granted me up in the sublime Himalayas, after weary watchings by the side of a succession of sick beds down on the sultry plains, and we felt that we had been almost translated, and were very near the great white throne as we looked up to the spotless peaks of eternal snows. Here in our own land we sat beside the still, beautiful waters of the Indian River, and realized as never before the meaning of "peace like a river." The stream has much in common with the Ganges, though its clear, sparkling waters make it much more beautiful. As our steamer stopped to take on a cargo of oranges, we went ashore, and fain would have stayed there, it seemed so much like our East Indian home. The palmettoes, which line the shores, are smaller than our Indian palms, but the family resemblance is very striking, and the bananas, papias, dates, various shrubs and plants, were like so many dear old friends waving us a welcome home. The sun shone with much of its East Indian brightness, and the very atmosphere had the indescribable qualities peculiar to India. Our first impulse was to rush off for Bengali primers and Testaments for the amusing little pickaninnies, which are unlike our Bengal children in every respect save the touches of human nature which make them kin.

Patna Pinery, the home of our dear brother and sister,—named in tender remembrance of the birthplace of the twin Phillips boys,—is a blessed haven of rest, on a beautiful peninsula opposite Melborne, and lying between the Atlantic Ocean and the Indian River. Marvelous types of life's fitful fever and its cool sweet rest by the "river of life." Surely among the many earthly rivers, "mete for the kingdom of heaven," the Indian is one, and very near that kingdom seemed, as the dream of many years was realized in spending a Sabbath all



alone by its beautiful banks while the others were all over on the other side in temples made with hands.

But there are stories concerning this same river which savor more of fish than they do of other worldliness. An Indian River paper says: "Captain lights the light on one side of the steamer and fish jump in for breakfast, until he is obliged to put the lights out lest the steamer sink." An old settler says this is really true of some of its creeks, and we can testify to the great abundance of delicious fish that come in schools to our bank every day. Indeed, the oranges and the fish seem to be vying with one another in adorning the banks and bed of the river and in supplying invalids with food fit for the gods. "Would that I were a voice" and could tell every poor sufferer of the health and healing there is all along these fair floral shores.

But from this bright dream we awoke one morning and found ourselves homeward bound via St. Augustine, the oldest city in the Union. The old Spanish streets and houses contrast strangely with the oriental splendor of the great Ponce de Leon and the other two hotels on opposite corners of the principal square in the city. If the Yajmahal is "a dream of beauty in marble," the Ponce de Leon is one in coquina. What the former is among shrines, the latter is among hotels, beautiful beyond compare. The magnificent inner court is followed by a succession of apartments which modern and ancient art have been laid under tribute to finish and furnish.

But from all these enchanting scenes in nature and in art, intensified by a tropical sun, the great question, "What shall be done with the negro and the colored man?" (there is a distinction between the two) is the one that comes home with a newness and earnestness never felt in the North. As we sat in the crowded negro church of the "washfoot Baptists," and more than smiled at their serio-comic evolutions, a crushing sense of our duty to them, and their possibilities and capabilities, made our hearts cry out, "Who will ever teach them?"

Who will turn this innate power into channels of usefulness, and make this people what God intended them to be? Senator Ingalls in his famous speech on this same question, referring to the treatment they were receiving at the white man's hands, said: "Vituperation is uncalled for; the *facts* are the most cruel things that can be said." How these facts stare one in the face from Richmond to the gulf! We remember Florida's lovely face with a delight equaled only by the sadness that comes at every recollection of the sorrow and ignorance that is gnawing at the very heart of her dark sons and daughters. Would that we could send scores of our A. C. F. or C. E. youths down there to-morrow to teach them. We are fitting a grand army at Storer College for just this service. Let us have more faith in it, and more in Him who can do all things. We cannot cease this scribbling without here most heartily and thankfully acknowledging the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer and their sunny Genevieve while we were at St. Augustine. Long may they labor there.

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Christ's *Blood* is the soul's ransom;  
 Christ's *Spirit* the soul's comforter;  
 Christ's *Word* the soul's food;  
 Christ's *Supper* the soul's feast.

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—Ex.

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"THE ills we see,  
 The mysteries of sorrow deep and long,  
 The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,  
     Have all one key;  
 This strange, sad world is but a Father's school;  
 All chance and change His love shall grandly overrule;  
     What though to-day  
 Thou canst not trace out all the hidden reason  
 For His strange dealings through the trial season?  
     Trust and obey;  
 In after life and light, all shall be plain and clear."

## THE BARLEY CAKES.

“D RUDGERY, drudgery, all the day,  
The grassy-green mountains, the breeze-swept lakes,  
The fair, sweet flowers among the brakes,  
The birdies that flutter about the trees,  
The flocks on the hillsides,—none of these  
Gladden my life. I must throw away  
My life's best days on the homely care  
That falls to the lot of the housewife. Bare  
As the rocks of Hermon the life of one  
Who from dawn of day to the setting sun  
Does nothing grander than sweep, or bake  
In the ashes the little barley cake!

“Drudgery, drudgery, . . . ah, to-day  
My lad goes into the desert to keep—  
(My shepherd-boy brave!)—his father's sheep.  
He must not know that my heart is faint,  
Or catch the gloom of my sad complaint.  
And shame to me that I've dared to lay  
Across my threshold this bit of rue,  
Forgetful that palm-trees about me grew,  
Fruitful and fair as the sixty and ten  
That shaded the waters of Elim. When  
I think of my boy, 'tis with joy I make  
For his lunch in the desert the barley cake.”

The mother toiled on in her home that day.  
But the Master came to the desert place,  
And the multitude followed Him, quick to trace  
The steps of the Miracle-worker, who  
Dropped blessings into their lives, like dew  
That brightened the flowers beside the way.  
A multitude hungry—and whence the bread  
With which these thousands must now be fed?  
O mother, bound close to a lowly task,  
What “grander work” could your fond heart ask?  
The Master receives from your boy, and breaks  
With blessing, your five little barley cakes!—*Advance.*

## OUT WEST.

BY THERA B. TRUE.

IT has been amusing to some of us Westerners to see the look of astonishment upon the faces of certain persons from the East, upon their finding they did not have to guard their every step for fear of snakes, that they could not even get a glimpse of an Indian, and that they found themselves among intelligent and well-dressed people.

I once heard a noted lecturer from Boston, who had been on a trip through Iowa, say she had supposed the people of the State were poor, and hence she had engaged to speak for less than her usual terms, but she had found quite the contrary to be true, and she had also found an intelligence and advance sentiment which was gratifyingly responsive and appreciative. So the trouble in Iowa is not entirely poverty, or uncivilization, or ignorance, but isolation, lack of confidence, and lack of encouragement. These difficulties are being overcome both locally and generally, and we hope that the bond of sympathy which strengthens and encourages may grow wider and deeper between the East and the West, reaching far over the seas.

In some places the pastor considers the missionary society a necessity, and he helps the organization in every way. In other places the W. M. S. is a curiosity; the women do not know what to do after the organization, and there is no one to tell them. The brethren seem to think there is something so mysterious about a woman's society that they cannot fathom it, and the strangest thing of all is that when they do advise, it is *sometimes* wrong.

The president of one Q. M. society said: "I don't ask Elder A. any more, for he don't know anything about it; but if I can ask Elder B., I know he can tell just how everything is and ought to be."

The sisters should not be afraid to go to work; there is not much liability of any serious mistakes, and it is a far greater

mistake in these days to sit with folded hands and silent lips, when so many are asking for the bread of life.

Our societies need (and usually have where there are any) pastors who understand and encourage, and are not either blissfully ignorant or coldly critical. They need a wide circulation of the *HELPER* and other denominational publications; they need over and over again the whys and the hows of our work, and introductions to our missionaries and their fields of labor. Many churches are in the country, and the members long distances from each other; they cannot often meet in society meetings, and when they have public meetings they need something for their edification, and that will also put their claims favorably before the public, and that shall give their society a merited reputation for usefulness. The public meetings I have attended and learned of in Iowa have usually been of this character, and have often been doubly successful from the assistance rendered by ministers and laymen. Some of the meetings would, I am sure, have done credit to Eastern societies. We are encouraged by the work and increased interest of our societies. Sometimes the great fields lying uncultivated around us make us feel that our work is so small that we would give up if we did not know that God is for us and that finally "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ." Happy shall be the servants when the Lord shall come!

*Edgewood, Iowa.*

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AND I know of the future judgment,  
How dreadful so e'er it be,  
That to sit alone with my conscience  
Will be judgment enough for me.

*—London Spectator.*

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Trouble and perplexity drive me to prayer, and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble.—*Melancthon.*



## ISLANDS OF THE SEA—MALAYSIA.

BY MISS ELLA EVANS.

[Subject for July study.]

“ASK of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.” How full the promise! Again it is written, “Surely the isles shall wait for me.” To write of the many isles that still wait for the light and life of His word, would make this paper too long, and we will limit to a single group. In the “uttermost parts” of the sea between Asia and Australia, lies the largest island cluster in the world, which, with the southern extremity of the continent of Asia, is known as Malaysia. Here we find an area of 773,000 square miles, with a population of about 35,000,000. Borneo, Sumatra, Celebes, and Java are the largest and best known of the group. The larger part of this vast people are Mohammiedans, while some are debased pagans. Several Dutch and German missionary societies have labored at different points of the country, and something has been done by the “English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.”

Java is far the most important of these islands in its physical features, and supports a much larger population (about twenty millions) than any other. The religion of these millions is a mixture of Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and heathenism. One who has been in the field says: “A Javanese, with respect to his religion, may be compared with somebody who wears an upper garment and an under coat. With his upper garment, *i. e.*, Mohammedan faith, he is seen in public, and he is proud of it, though this habit does not suit him. When he returns home, he puts it off, and is at his ease in his under coat, *i. e.*, he thinks and acts like a heathen.” How great is the need of earnest Christian toil!

Celebes is the most advanced in civilization of all the group. “The neat villages, well-built houses and good roads, awaken



the admiration of all beholders." The explanation is that the people of this section have nearly all embraced Christianity. Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, a distinguished scientific traveler, says of this field: "The missionaries have much to be proud of in this country. They have assisted the government in changing a savage into a civilized community in a wonderfully short space of time. Forty years ago the country was a wilderness, the people naked savages, garnishing their rude houses with human heads. Now it is a garden worthy of its sweet name." "Twenty-one missionaries have labored in this field during the last fifty years, and as out of a population of 114,000 souls, upwards of 80,000 were converts to Christianity twelve years ago, with a progress at that time of 7,000 baptisms yearly, it will be readily seen that heathenism must be by this time practically extinct."

What an abundant harvest! May we not confidently expect to see a nation born in a day!

The only American missionary society now laboring in Malaysia is that of the Methodist Episcopal church, located at Singapore, an island in the strait of Malacca, belonging to Great Britain. The people here are native Malays, Tamils from India, and Chinese. "The mission is very flourishing, especially in its school work among the Chinese." It has a native church of about fifty members, and one hundred and fifty adherents, with a good edifice erected in 1886." This congregation pays its own way, and aids largely in supporting the Tamil Mission, and other good work. In 1888, their collection for missions amounted to an average of \$1.20 per church member. Have not we American Christians something to learn of the converted heathen? Another excellent feature of the work of this church is the strict enforcement of total abstinence on all its members. "Much good work—medical, school, and zenana—is being done here by the Woman's Society." This mission is of peculiar importance, as both in

position and kind of people it will become a connecting link between India on the west and China on the east.

In the entire country of Malaysia there are about 200,000 converts to Christianity. How small a fraction is this of the nearly 35,000,000 who yet wait for the Gospel light.

To the islands of this country and to all isles, we may confidently bear the message, for His word says: "The isles shall wait upon me, and on mine arm shall they trust."

---

" BE patient, Christian soldiers,  
Be faithful, calm, and strong;  
Never a grain is sown in vain  
Though harvest tarry long.  
What though no blade of promise  
Break here the stubborn loam?  
Your sheaves ye shall find when the angels bind  
At the Saviour's harvest home."

---

#### THE TRUE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

When John Wesley was asked to go to Georgia to preach the Gospel to the settlers and the Indians, his noble-minded mother not only gave her consent, but said, "Had I a hundred sons, I should be glad to see them all engaged in so blessed a work, although I might see them no more in this world."—*Homiletic Review*.

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There are more than two hundred millions of women in India, of whom twenty millions are in enforced widowhood.

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I do not think the home work has been crippled by the many missionaries sent abroad. The reflex action upon our churches has more than repaid the labor and outlay.—*Dr. Barrows*.

## FROM THE FIELD.

## YEARLY MEETING EXPERIENCES.

BENAPORE, Thursday P. M., January 7.

Miss Butts and I are on our way to Yearly Meeting at Balasore, following in the train of those who have preceded us.

We left our last stopping-place at about 2.30 P. M., and found the sun too hot for comfort. Concluded we will not travel in the daytime very much. This is the most neat and comfortable bungalow on the road, and the old man who looks after it is the most helpful and accommodating. He knew we were coming, and had milk on hand for our lunch, wood for our cooking, and straw for our oxen. We are planning to make the entire journey of nearly eighty miles with our one pair of oxen, so we have to make stops by the way for them to rest.

DANTOON, January 10, 3 P. M.

Left Narangar about three A. M., and arrived here about nine A. M.,—seventeen miles. Not much like the "Lightning Express." This used to be our Mission bungalow, but after Mrs. Phillips and Nellie left here, it got sadly out of repair and as there was no one to occupy it, it was decided to demolish all but one room and a bathroom, and keep this for our accommodation on journeys, or for a stopping-place when out on preaching tours.

JELLASORE, Saturday, January 11.

Resting through the day. We left Dantoon just after midnight, and got here about sunrise,—thirteen miles,—just as Dr. Harry B. and his family were taking morning lunch preparatory to leaving for Balasore. They have been entertaining the other travelers as they came along and were now ready to start on themselves. They gave us "the run of the house" and we have been entertaining ourselves—writing home mail, receiving calls from the native Christians, and reading the *Independent*

and *Century*. It is twenty-eight miles from here to Balasore, and we want to be there in time for the first meeting to-morrow morning, so we shall start this evening and travel all night. We make up our bed in the carriage, and get on quite comfortably.

BALASORE, Monday morning, January 13.

We arrived yesterday (Sunday) morning about eight o'clock—sleeping and waking, and walking also, through the night. We had one walk of three miles, and then were quite ready to get in and lie down again.

Twelve hours of night travel, however, with the oxen moving so deliberately that they chew their cuds as they walk, gets rather monotonous.

The bell had already rung for the morning prayer-meeting when we arrived, so I hurriedly prepared my toilet and got into church in season for the sermon. It was by our good preacher Sachi, from the text: "Let them build for me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them." The word "sanctuary" is translated "holy place" in Bengali, and it was a real "holiness" sermon from one who knows whereof he speaks. In the afternoon was the Sunday-school. Two hundred and thirty-seven present—the majority children and young people, and all from the Christian community. There are several Hindu Sunday-schools in and about Balasore conducted by Christians. In the evening the native Christians had a service by themselves, and at the same time Mr. Coldren had a service in English, preaching from the text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" There was a very good congregation made up of our own people, the English people of Balasore, and quite a number of Babus who understand English. Mr. Coldren is a constant exemplifier of what he preaches, so we receive and accept his strong statements and assertions as we could not from a mere theorist, and long for experiences we have not reached.

Dr. Bacheler, Sr., has just arrived, as fresh and serene as if

he had simply come in from a morning drive. He left Midnapore Saturday afternoon, stopped in Jellapore over Sunday, had services with the Christians there, and came on in the night. He didn't come with oxen, however.

Monday, 10 P. M.

If I am to keep a journal of this meeting, I suppose I should begin at the beginning and go straight and steadily on, but I want just now to write of the meeting we had this evening at Mrs. Smith's. The first part of the evening was taken up with the re-election of officers for our Literary Society connected with the Yearly Meeting, interspersed with pleasantries in spite of the president, who tried to look solemn and keep order. After this was over, the subject of establishing an English high school in our Mission was introduced, and discussed with animation, approval and enthusiasm, till one might have expected to see it begin to-morrow. The need of a school of this kind has been growing upon our people, and our native Christians have earnestly petitioned for it. In order to get a knowledge of English our boys and young men must attend Hindu schools taught by Hindu teachers, oftentimes the most bigoted, who do not scruple to intersperse their teachings with sneers and arguments against Christianity. Of course the establishment of a school of this kind means the raising of a large sum of money, but nearly all the missionaries gladly subscribed one month's salary, and Mr. Coldren was appointed agent to solicit funds for an endowment while at home in America. We believe this school is actually to exist in the future.

The Yearly Meeting itself has begun to-day. Mr. Coldren is moderator. The minutes and letters have been read, delegates accepted, committees appointed, a request for the ordination of another native preacher taken into consideration, the condition of our native preachers as a whole discussed, an unfortunate dissension between two of them talked and prayed over and an earnest desire shown for unity and purity.



Wednesday morning, January 15.

Mr. Griffin is quite ill—taken suddenly this morning—and is suffering severely.

Yesterday the subjects taken up in the meetings were: "The Aim of Our Yearly Meeting;" "The Reason of the Low Condition of Our Churches;" "Evangelistic Work;" and resolutions in regard to our schools. The probability of a Christian high school among us was greeted with expressions of gratitude from the native brethren, and many of them expressed their willingness to give a month's wages to the cause which means much more to them than it does to us. In the evening was the temperance meeting, conducted by one who has known too well the power of the demon, but is now being kept by the power of Him who is "mighty to save." After this meeting, we all took tea at Dr. Zorab's by previous invitation. All the Europeans of the place were there, too, making quite a large company, and we were cordially and pleasantly entertained.

II P. M.

We have just bidden Mr. and Mrs. Coldren good-by, and some of the brethren have gone with them to the boat. We have talked and prayed, and sang together that beautiful hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," and now they are off for their long journey. We shall miss them sadly. God grant that they may be returned to their work speedily. After the children's meeting this afternoon, the native Christians gave Mr. and Mrs. Coldren their farewell. Among the exercises was a hymn written for the occasion and sung by some little boys—a touching thing, and many eyes were wet. At seven o'clock this evening, Mr. Aitken gave an intensely interesting lecture on "The Route across America," in which he told us much we didn't know about our own country. Mr. Griffin is better, but very weak. Mr. Brown arrived from Calcutta just in time to join in the good-bys to Mr. Coldren. With him came Mr. Henderson of the Sailors' Coffee Rooms at Calcutta.



Friday morning, January 17.

How the days are flying, and there is so much to do that journal keeping is almost an impossibility. There are the regular meetings at the chapel forenoon and afternoon, and committee meetings in connection with them. Besides these must be chinked in, meetings of the Advisory Committee and also of the "Ladies' Conference" (!). We feel quite grand now. Union has begun. The ladies of the Advisory Committee of the Woman's Board and the lady missionaries of the Parent Board have formed themselves into a Ladies' Conference for mutual advice and support. Our missionary brethren, too, seem to have their hands full with their committee meetings, and the meeting at the chapel is sometimes left in charge of the native brethren. The preaching at the bazar at five o'clock is faithfully attended by missionaries, visitors, and native brethren, and the latter have been visiting in villages near by. The getting about to breakfasts and dinners, too, is rather bewildering. I am supposed to be stopping at Mrs. Griffin's, but what with breakfast at Jessie's, dinner at Nellie's, lunch at Mrs. Boyer's, and up to Mrs. Smith's to-morrow, I'm not quite sure where I do belong, and we are all changing about so much I am reminded of that old game, "Puss in the corner." In the meeting yesterday forenoon, one discussion waxed warm over the question of giving up Hindu customs. Some of our best native brethren contended it was well to hold on to such customs as in no way compromise their religion, rather than to become westernized completely. In the afternoon, the young people's meeting was full of encouraging reports and suggestions for more efficient work. In the evening the Literary Society met in the capacious drawing-room of the Sinclair Orphanage. There was a mingling of the grave and the gay in the program made up of music, essays, reading, and recitation. The English people were all there and seemed to enjoy it. We patted ourselves on the head (metaphorically) and thought we did

pretty well, didn't we? Some of the articles will be sent to the HELPER.

Friday evening.

We've had the best evening yet—the prayer-meeting at Miss Hooper's. I'm not sure that the generous "tea" she gave us, first of real home biscuit and doughnuts, didn't have considerable to do with it. I would like to put down all the helpful, inspiring, encouraging things that were said and the prayers that took hold on God, but they were too many.

Our veteran missionary looking back over nearly half a century of work here, said: "The results I have already seen equal my expectations on entering the field." Another said: "My vision of heaven is clear, but just as clear and in the foreground is India full of Bibles, Christians, and churches." "The cure for discouragement is to read the Bible." Another, "Let our faith be more expectant." "Let us claim one thousand souls for Jesus this year." A resolution of sympathy with Bro. George in his sorrow was passed, and also the hope expressed that the providence of God might lead him to join us again some time in the future. It was voted also to send a telegram of welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Miner to await their arrival in Calcutta. One of the subjects brought up to-day in the chapel meeting, called out many remarks. It was "Industrial Schools"; and much was said in favor of having workshops—something more extensive than we have ever yet tried, so that many trades may be taught, and employment given to poor people who become Christians. The want of money nips all these schemes in the bud. In the afternoon we had the women's meeting, which was well attended and interestingly conducted. The Bible women and two Zenana teachers here showed much care in the study of the Bible lessons during the year. They were examined this morning and did wonderfully well.

Saturday morning, January 18.

A letter just received tells us that Mr. and Mrs. Miner are in

Calcutta and will leave for Midnapore this afternoon. The telegram has been sent. I'm afraid Mr. Coldren will not meet them at all.

Saturday evening.

We've just had the missionary meeting of the whole session, and a general outlook over our own field and that of the world has inspired us with renewed courage to claim that thousand souls. "Behold, the morning cometh."

Monday, January 20.

The Yearly Meeting is over. We have sent our oxen on to wait for us ten miles ahead, and we are to start this evening with Mr. Griffin's. Four of the brethren have gone out to Metrapore to have a look at the work there. Miss Butts and I have been making calls in the Christian villages. We are to have a picnic out on the Metrapore road this afternoon, and then separate to go our various ways and bear our various burdens for another year, but we can do it with renewed strength and more expectant faith.

Yesterday morning Dr. Bacheler preached from the text, "Ye are the light of the world." After the sermon, the native preacher Rahm, from Chandbali, was ordained, and then was held the communion service. The chapel was well filled and it was an interesting occasion. In the afternoon there were general exercises at the Sunday-school, and in the evening Mr. Stiles preached from the incident of the healing of the blind man, and his testimony, "Whereas I was once blind, I now see."

A Church of England clergyman is visiting Balasore, and as they have no church building here he asked to hold a service in the Mission Chapel, and also asked us to select the hymns for the service, and for Mrs. Ager to preside at the harmonium. This was all quite extraordinary, but we were glad to comply with his request, and we all attended, while they in turn, the clergyman included, came to our meeting in the evening.

MIDNAPORE, February 17.

Nearly a month has gone by, and still this is not sent. We found Mrs. Miner and the children here on our return, but Mr. Miner had gone to Calcutta again to see Mr. Coldren. When he returned to Midnapore he brought all the boxes along, and the opening of these and acknowledging the contents to the many donors, along with the special looking after work that has been necessarily somewhat neglected since before Christmas, has made the days very full, and pushed off everything that was not imperatively demanding attention.

That picnic at Balasore on the day of our leaving was a most enjoyable affair for all the children of "larger growth" as well as the smaller ones. Since returning to our work, there have been "tokens for good" in many directions. A protracted meeting held in one of our smaller churches resulted in a most thorough awakening of the church and two baptisms; a young Brahman who has been a seeker for salvation at many shrines, having heard of Christ, has joined himself to our itinerant preachers, thrown away his sacred thread, cut off his holy lock of hair, and professes to have found that for which he was seeking; a Bengali evangelist visited our church one evening on his way to Calcutta and has been invited to come and help us; four men from a distant village came to our pastor saying they wanted to be Christians. He went with them to their homes and baptized one of them before returning, and hopes the others will be ready soon; some of our workers have had special experiences fitting them for special work,—and all this within a month of the closing of our Yearly Meeting. Join with us in praying for the thousand souls.

L. C. COOMBS.

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Certainly, if this pilgrimage were all the way a way of ease, then we should not much desire to hasten on in it, or to come to the end of it, or to see God in heaven; too much satisfied with the sweetness of the streams, we stay from the fountain.—  
*Dr. Cheever.*

## HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS.

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[See article, "Islands of the Sea—Malaysia."]

- WHERE is Malaysia, and of what does it consist?
  - What is the population?
  - Which are the best known islands of this group?
  - What is the religion of this country?
  - What European societies are doing mission work there?
  - Give some account of Java.
  - What can be said of the Gospel in Celebes?
  - What do these facts say to you?
  - What one American mission in Malaysia?
  - Where is it located?
  - Give important facts concerning this mission.
  - Why is this mission of peculiar importance?
  - How many converts to Christianity in Malaysia?
  - What do these figures say to American Christians?
- 

The fact that heavy marriage expenses lead to the murder of infant daughters to save their parents from financial ruin, has led the Bombay Government to frame some very sensible rules to remove this temptation. Among the Kadva Kanbi caste a bride's father must not in future, on betrothal, spend more than one rupee on a present to the bridegroom's father, instead of, as formerly, giving a sum that would involve him heavily with the money-lender. The similar gift at the wedding must not exceed 100 rupees (about £7). The number of dinner parties given by the bridegroom's father must not exceed five, or the guests at each be more than twenty-six. Other expenses are fixed on a like moderate scale.

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Upward of two million youths of India are to-day receiving a liberal education.



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## HOME DEPARTMENT.

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### HOW TO INTEREST CHILDREN ON THE SABBATH.

BY MRS. S. A. PORTER.

**I**F the children are to find in the Sabbath the red letter day of the week, the mothers must arrange both their church going and their home duties so as to leave ample time to associate with them.

That small children, whose active limbs are pained by quiet and whose minds are unable to take in all the public instruction of the sermon, Sunday-school, lecture, and prayer-meeting, should not be kept through all these services, is as certain as that they should attend some of them.

The golden hours, however, between, before, or after these public services are the mother's opportunities to sow the seed that she desires to bear fruit in their lives.

To such as have not yet mastered the alphabet, there are the illustrated books whose bright pictures, with a little help from mamma, will tell stories fascinating as those of fairy land. These should not be used on secular days, but come forth fresh for the Sabbath. The same should be true of books adapted to the use of the older children. Indeed, this is one of the important things, to remember to have the day associated with some little extra treat in book, dress, food, and toy even, for the baby; something that carries with it the idea that the Sabbath is the best day we have.

A pleasant little exercise for these sessions with mamma is the reporting of some thought, verse, or illustration heard in the sermon. This fixes a habit of listening to learn that will become priceless in after years. Each child should be encouraged to tell all it can about it, then mamma will fill in the forgotten portions, and dress it up in a way that will make it



most attractive. There must also be found time for one or two beautiful Bible stories from which may be drawn directly or indirectly some of the sweet characteristics of the Christ child, the Redeemer. If the myths of "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Jack the Giant Killer," and such like fill their minds with such an interest, with what eager delight will they drink in the true and wonderful accounts of the life and works of Christ.

Then a little prayer and song exercise has been found by the writer to be second to no other in enjoyment. Indeed, the pleasure derived from it in childhood has caused it to be called for by those grown to womanhood. It accustoms the child to talk with God in the presence of others. From this, too, the mother's warm interest in her little ones is learned as she tells her Heavenly Father in love and simplicity all her wishes for them.

These are only a few of the many ways that might be mentioned whereby the Sabbath will become, as to Phillip Henry, "the queen of the days, the pearl of the week" to the children of our homes.

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#### BE COURTEOUS.

ONE sultry August afternoon, coming in from the kitchen, grandma found a stranger, a tall, pale young man, sitting in the front door. He had called to obtain a drink, but seeing no one about, had seated himself in the open door to await the coming of some member of the family. He asked for a drink of milk, which request was readily granted, and another bowlful offered and accepted; then "with her permission," he said he would sit awhile and rest.

Grandma's courteous manner seemed to inspire confidence. He chatted quite freely of himself, his destination, etc. He was on his way to visit an uncle residing in Wilmot, and he explained that by the advice of his physician he had undertaken the journey (a distance of thirty miles or so) on foot.

Being unused to walking distances, he was foot-sore, lame, and weary, and had yet ten miles to travel. He remarked that the journey had afforded an excellent opportunity for the study of character. It had been a new revelation to him, he would not have believed it possible for one, treating all with civility, to meet with such discourtesy as he had that day experienced. Then he related how, a few miles back, almost fainting for a drink of water, and seeing a half-grown lad and two "ladies," said he, "I mistook them for," standing in the porch of a farmhouse, he paused at the gate and politely accosting the lad, asked for a drink of water. He answered that they had none, but at the next house he would find plenty. As he was turning away, the boy cried after him, "You'd better take yourself off, thief!" at which instead of administering the merited reproof, and granting the "cup of cold water," the women only laughed. "I am not accustomed to being termed 'thief,'" said he with dignity, the indignant blood flushing his pale cheeks at the remembrance of those insulting words.

As there was no house within three or four miles (a fact well known to them), the gentleman was obliged to travel full two miles up a steep mountain, suffering the pangs of extreme thirst before reaching a wayside spring. Since which, he had craved the hospitality of no one, until too weary to proceed farther, he had sought the friendly shelter of this porch.

Finally, grandma refusing to accept pay for the milk, as he took up his portmanteau to depart, at the last moment he threw down upon the table a half-dollar, saying that the milk had been worth that, and more, to him, and that he would gladly have given the boy as much for a drink of cold water.

On his return a few days later, he was taken to the depot in the family carriage of his uncle, who was none other than Judge Freeman himself.

Pondering this incident, we were more than ever forcibly impressed with the importance of our duty of teaching the chil-

dren to be courteous to all. Those accustomed to do so are spared the mortification sometimes experienced by those who treat the poor, the obscure, and the unfortunate with contempt, reserving their courtesy for the rich and prosperous. Such persons would find it very humiliating to discover in the recipient of their discourtesy, the rich, the grand or noble, in humble guise. Here we have the smallest, least worthy motive for the exercise of courtesy, a motive having for its soul and center, self.

Let us be alike courteous to all, not from selfish interests, but that others may be cheered and blessed. True courtesy is a grace beside which mere beauty of face and form pales to insignificance, a grace that continually redounds in blessings on the giver. It is the golden fruit of kind-heartedness and Christian love.—*ScL.*

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LORD, I have shut my door,  
Shut out life's busy cares and fretting noise;  
Here in this silence they intrude no more.  
Speak Thou, and heavenly joys  
Shall fill my heart with music sweet and calm,  
A holy psalm.

Yes; I have shut my door  
On earthly passions—all its yearning love,  
Its tender friendships, all the priceless store  
Of human ties. Above  
All these my heart aspires. O Heart Divine,  
Stoop thou to mine!

Lord, I have shut my door!  
Come thou and visit me. I am alone!  
Come, as when doors were shut Thou cam'st of yore,  
And visitedst Thine own!  
My Lord! I kneel with reverent love and fear,  
For Thou art here!

—*M. E. Atkinson.*

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WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

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## ILLINOIS.

[The report from Illinois has had various hindrances on its way to our readers, but some things gain flavor by keeping.—ED.]

During the session of the Rock River Q. M., held with the Inlet church, November 23, 24, Saturday evening was given to the Woman's Missionary Society for the benefit of missions. Miss Anna Gray deserves a large amount of praise for the splendid selections, and the way the children were trained to speak. A more enthusiastic young lady is hard to find. She has also promised to hold a concert in June for the benefit of our missions. I hope all our young ladies will do likewise. After an interesting program, participated in by children and older people, Mrs. M. St. Claire made closing remarks; "Blest be the Tie that Binds" was sung; a collection of \$2.50 taken; and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. St. Claire.

MRS. M. ST. CLAIRE, *Pres.*

## INDIANA.

*La Grange Q. M.*—The Woman's Missionary Society held its last session at Jones' chapel, Nov. 2, 1889. A missionary meeting was held in the evening. The president being absent, the meeting was conducted by Mrs. H. W. Vaughn. The exercises consisted of singing, reading, and declamations by the children. Some very interesting remarks were made by A. J. Yoder, T. J. Mayhorter, J. S. Jones, and Rev. Tucker, which proved very interesting to the meeting. The report of the last meeting was read by Malissa Nelson, which showed an increase in interest. Some new members have been added, and we are hoping and praying for greater results in the near future.

The receipts for the quarter were \$26.70. Of this, \$16.02 was appropriated to the Hawpatch church, and \$10.68 to foreign missions. Let us keep steadily at work with faith and courage, and trust in God for the result.

MRS. ANN ATWATER, *Sec. and Treas.*

VERMONT.

In connection with the January session of the Corinth Q. M., a woman's mission meeting was held for the election of officers and other business. The office of president being vacant, by the death of Mrs. F. P. Eaton, the meeting was called to order by the secretary. Appropriate remarks were made, and Miss Alice Sargent was appointed to voice the sentiments of the meeting in a short tribute to the memory of the departed, Mrs. C. Dickey to be her alternate. After this Mrs. John Wilds was elected Q. M. president.

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IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. HANNAH MOORE, Reese, Michigan.

On March 11, our sister was released from earth, and joined the heavenly host. Her seventy-three years had been filled with faithfulness to duty. The church has lost a worthy member and loving friend. May we show our appreciation of her life and example by striving to advance the cause so dear to her heart, for our society has lost a faithful worker.

MRS. F. P. EATON, Vermont.

"The memory of the just is blessed." While we mourn the loss of one who has served us faithfully for many years as president of the Corinth Q. M. it affords us pleasure to remember her zeal for the cause. Since adopting Mrs. Smith as our missionary, the Corinth Q. M., has never failed of meeting its apportionment of her salary. We know that this has been largely owing to the faithful efforts of her whose loss we mourn. Dear sisters, as we meet and realize with sorrow that "there is a vacant chair," let it nerve us to truer, nobler work for the Master. Is the interest low? What are we doing for India? Let us sow the seed to-day.

"For soon or late, to all who sow  
The time of harvest shall be given;  
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,  
If not on earth, at last in Heaven."



## Our Young People.

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### THE BASSA TRIBE.

BY L. P. CLINTON.

[Our young friends will be more deeply interested in the following article, if they realize that the writer is a member of the tribe and writes from experience. —ED.]

The tribe is one of the largest and most interesting tribes of West Central Africa. It is bounded on the north by Monrovia and the St. Paul River; east, by the Passah Tribe; south, by the River Cross; west, by the Atlantic Ocean. It is difficult for one to attempt to determine the length and breadth of any portion of land ruled by savages. Looking on the map of Africa, you will see on the western coast the Kong Mountains, which pass through the Bassa tribe.

This tribe, from its early existence until about twenty years ago, has always had two reigning kings. At the present day, it is divided into counties, and each county has its own petty king. The division of counties was only brought about to lessen the responsibilities of either king without detracting one jot from his power. There are five important rivers flowing through the tribe; navigable by boat from twenty-five to fifty miles, and by canoe over a hundred miles. The Bassas are engaged in most of the pursuits common to the inhabitants of the Dark Continent. As a general rule every Bassa man or family farms for himself.

Trading has become the chief business among the people; it is largely carried on by both sexes. Here are found varieties of the leading articles sold in any trade market of the country. Coffee, palm oil, palm kernels, cocoa, ivory, camwood, hard wood, African rubber, and a thousand other things which are marketable in England and other European countries. There

are three main seaports on the western coast of the tribe which, doubtless, in course of time when Africa shall be dug up by the plowshare of civilization and Christianity, will be of much value not only to the Bassas, but to Liberians and foreigners. Grand Bassa, the most promising harbor of these ports, is visited by twelve steamers from England and six from Germany, twice a week the year round. Numerous ships from this country, England, and other parts of Europe remain anchored here from one to two weeks. The Bassas have the honor of sending men to aid in the navigation of their own sea-coasts when white men first visited the shores of Africa.

It is generally known that the savage tribes of Africa are in danger of being pillaged by the adjacent tribes; yet judging from the present situation of the Bassa, I am free from fear of any peril of war with her sister tribes. Whereas, many of the western tribes of Africa and those in the interior are still using arrows, spears, and swords in war, the Bassas have become very skillful in the use of guns; therefore none of their fellow tribes dare to menace them with war. The people now and then have skirmishes among themselves, but I have no knowledge of one that has ever lasted over one or two days.

Mohammedanism, which has been taking a great hold of many of the African tribes, has often been introduced among the Bassas; yet I am not aware of a single Bassa man's name who can repeat the first word in the Koran, or one who has become a proselyte of the Mohammedan faith. The tyranny of ignorance and superstition still prevails over the entire tribe. The Bassas are very religious in their ways of living. They believe that the soul of any deceased relative or friend can exist in any thing or particle. When "la grippe" was very severe in your land a few months ago, I often sat and wondered over the difference between a Christian life and that of a heathen. For had it been in Africa, you would see both old and young with horns, skins, and parcels tied about their bodies. Others adorn themselves with ashes, various colors

of compounded chalks, and ointments of oil. These are said to be the remedies for any sickness or diseases.

Among the religious worships of the Bassas, the worship of the Country Devil is held pre-eminent by all. There are a thousand other interesting things, that neither time nor space will permit me to mention at present. I shall endeavor to describe to you the Country Devil in my next.

*Storer College, Harper's Ferry.*

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#### THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,  
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"  
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,  
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead,  
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"  
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart,  
"The Tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,  
"Though feet should sleep, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole:  
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

—*P. Burroughs Strong.*

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Wherever souls are being tried and ripened, in whatever commonplace and homely ways, there God is hewing out the pillars for his temple.—*Phillips Brooks.*



## SONG OF THE MITES.

*First Voice.*

I AM but a penny in a little hand,  
Can I bear glad tidings over all the land?  
Yes, if love goes with me, then I shall be blest,  
For God's love is promised to do all the rest.

*Second Voice.*

I'm a piece of silver, worth a dime they say,  
The boy giver worked for me, giving up his play,  
Toiling for an offering, though he longed to be  
With his young companions in their boyish glee,

*Third Voice.*

I'm a silver quarter, little stitches neat,  
And full many an errand run by childish feet,  
Earned me very bravely; little girls can do  
Noble work for missions when they're good and true.

*Fourth Voice.*

I'm a bright gold dollar. Ah! the child who died  
Loved me 'mid his treasures, more than all besides.  
One sad mourning mother held me very dear;  
And my bright face glistened with her parting tear.

*All.*

Dropping! Dropping! Dropping! Hear us as we fall,  
Crowding in the mite-chests offerings great and small.  
Surely God will bless us as we gently fall,  
Many prayers rise upward, for His help they call,  
Till we form together such a mighty band  
As to bear salvation over all the land.

—Sel.

## LITTLE MISSION WORKERS.

*Carleton, St. John.*—We have a mission band which meets at our house. My daughter, who is fifteen years old, wished me a long time ago to allow her to have one, but I thought her too young. It was organized a year ago and has raised six dollars. We have eighteen members. We find the HELPER very useful to the band.

MRS. R. H. SIMPSON.

*Salem F. B. church, Penn.*—Our band numbers about twenty boys and girls. They have been "in the field" two years as the "Mustard Seeds"; but have lately re-organized, received more members, are using mite-boxes, have held a public meeting, and are quite enthusiastic. They range in age from ten to fourteen. Their dues are birthday offerings. They have all adopted the badge of the Loyal Temperance Legion, as they are temperance boys and girls as well as mission workers.

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Never try to get something for nothing.—*Wedgewood.*

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

During the discussion which has begun, and must in the nature of the case continue, in regard to the union of the Foreign Mission and Woman's Societies, there will need to be much wisdom exercised, and good judgment applied. If thoughts in regard to the matter could be expressed verbally, instead of through the types, a correct understanding of each other's views would be much more easily reached. Written words never fully express soul. We believe that there is no difference whatever among our people, men or women, in regard to the foundation thought—a desire that such plans be consummated or continued as shall aid most rapidly in the evangelization of the world and the development of the powers of our own people. The divergence of opinion begins at



the point of consideration as to how this is to be done. That there are very positive differences of opinion among our ministers on this point is shown by opinions recently very definitely expressed. Some consider that it would be a serious misfortune to our denominational work to have the Woman's Society flow in the same channel with the Parent Society. Others are quite as sure that such a result ought to be reached at the earliest possible moment. Let the discussion go on in the most kindly way possible, and let us remember that so long as our foundation thought is the same, and we seek divine guidance, we are on the way to God's solution of the problem, which we certainly desire should be ours. . . . Some of our auxiliaries are doing good work in securing life memberships. Our friends will remember that the payment of twenty dollars makes any woman a life member of the F. B. W. M. S. No one need hesitate about this work on account of agitation about union. As well might a little streamlet object to running into a creek because there is danger that it may unite some time with another creek. The water will be there all the same, whether in one channel or two. . . . It has seemed to many persons very desirable that some concerted action be taken establishing an hour of prayer to be observed by the Woman's Missionary Societies. The thought is not necessarily to have a meeting at that time, but that wherever they may be, or whatever doing, the members shall ask God's guidance and blessing for the conversion of the world. The Congregational and Presbyterian Woman's Societies have decided on the hour, from five to six, on the Sabbath. We suggest that until concerted action shall be taken by all the societies, the F. B. Woman's Society unite in observing this hour.

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## CONTRIBUTIONS.

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### F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

*Receipts March 22 to May 1, 1890.*

#### MAINE.

Aroostook Q. M. collection.....	\$12 00	Ellsworth Q. M. auxiliary, for Carrie with Mrs. Burkholder	\$4 70
Brownfield auxiliary, for native teacher.....	5 00	Ellsworth aux. for do, Mrs. E. Harding, .25; Miss A. J.	

Harding, .25; A Friend, .10	
for blinds M. H.....	\$60
Lewiston auxiliary, Main Street	10 68
Parsonsfield Q. M. auxiliary...	4 99
Portland auxiliary.....	11 00
Portland, A Friend.....	2 50
Sangerfield, Mrs. B. S. Gerry,	
1st church.....	1 00
Steep Falls auxiliary, Mrs.	
Lightner and Miss Coombs..	3 50
Springvale aux. H. and F. M..	10 00
West Falmouth auxiliary, for	
Miss Coombs.....	1 00
West Hollis auxiliary, for F. M	4 00

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord, Mary M. S. Brown...	10 00
Danville auxiliary, for Mrs.	
Lightner and Miss Butts....	10 00
Epsom Church, blinds M. H..	3 75
Manchester Church, do.....	5 68
Pittsfield Y. P. M. S. for school	
at Balasore.....	6 25
Plymouth, Mrs. M. C. Wright	
for F. M.....	2 00
South Tamworth, Mary M. Cal-	
ley, for Mrs. Lightner and	
Miss Butts.....	5 00
Wolboro Q. M. auxiliary, Mrs.	
Lightner and Miss Butts....	12 00

## VERMONT.

Sutton, C. G. Flint for Mrs.	
Smith.....	2 00
Sutton Church, for Mrs. Smith.	15 00
West Derby Church for do....	6 06

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Lynn aux. High Street Church.	2 50
Taunton auxiliary, for Miss	
Franklin and Miss H. Phil-	
lips.....	5 00

## RHODE ISLAND.

Carolina auxiliary, for Miss H.	
Phillips.....	5 00
Greenville auxiliary, for Miss	
H. Phillips.....	10 00
North Scituate Church, Miss	
Franklin and Miss H. Phillips	2 00
Olneyville auxiliary, for Miss	
Franklin.....	15 00
Providence auxiliary and Busy	
Gleaners, Roger Williams	
Church, for Miss H. Phillips	
\$7 50, and Miss Franklin \$30	37 50
Pawtucket aux. Miss Franklin.	5 00
Pawtucket Little Workers, for	
Miss H. Phillips, \$1 25;	
West Work, \$2 50.....	3 75
Pawtucket Union Mission, for	
Miss Franklin, \$2 50, and	
Miss H. Phillips, \$2 50.....	5 00
Pawtucket Golden Links, for	

Miss Franklin and Miss H.	
Phillips.....	\$ 5 00
Providence Y. P. S. C. E. Roger	
Williams Church, for Miss	
Franklin.....	18 75
Providence aux, Greenwich St.	
for Miss Franklin.....	6 25
Providence aux. Park Street,	
for Miss Franklin.....	7 50
Tiverton Ch. for Miss Franklin	5 50
Tiverton Ch. for Miss H. Phil-	
lips.....	2 70

## NEW YORK.

Bolivar, Mrs. O. Beers.....	1 00
Richburgh, Mrs. B. M. Worth	1 00

## ILLINOIS.

Lee Center, Thomas Gray, for	
H. M.....	5 00

## MICHIGAN.

Batavia auxiliary, for F. M....	4 30
Calhoun and No. Branch Q. M.,	
H. and F. M.....	5 43
Cook's Prairie aux., West work	5 50
Cook's Prairie Cheerful Work-	
ers.....	5 00
Clarendon and Echford Aid So-	
ciety.....	2 00
Calhoun and No. Branch Q. M.,	
collection for West work....	3 52
Dallas auxiliary, for Chandbali	2 00
Deyburg Aid Society, H. M....	3 00
Grand Rapids Q. M., for F. M.	3 73
Hillsdale auxiliary Q. M.....	36 10
South Litchfield auxiliary.....	6 15

## IOWA.

Estherville auxiliary, for Bible	
woman at Balasore.....	12 50

## MINNESOTA.

Champlin auxiliary.....	12 50
Delavan auxiliary, for teacher at	
Chandbali.....	12 50
Minneapolis aux. 1st F. B. Ch.,	
for F. M.....	15 00
Minneapolis aux. F. B. Church,	
for Home work.....	10 00
Winnebago aux., for teacher at	
Chandbali.....	12 50

## PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Stanstead auxiliary, Emily....	5 00
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

For H. and F. M. work.....	5 00
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Total.....\$455 14

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Dover, N. H.

